MOOD RING
lindsay allison ruoff

"Ooh, let me have it,

Let me grab your soul away."

– Kate Bush

I woke up
a failed pot
there was
more than one
hole in me
there is
not really
a name for
what I am

grate a lemon into
yoga on the solstice
men sing/write the facets
of fisting—she cuts
the fingers off
checks her ass in
the gloss of pink goo
a shine before time
blown up golden orb
in the eyes of the sky
we can't stop

paint a volcano
on a rag

use it to wipe
the black mold

use it to wipe
my rib face

white pu$$y friday

self-portrait w/ neck tattoo
the sun over/on
the dirty laundry
hung up to dry
we harness
many ceremonies
and to think we
began in caves

I sent you
a twitpic
of a dick zit
you said:
whose is it?

at the fluid
exchange
we all brought
piss & blood &
pus & spit

someone liquified
bones
someone liquified
shit

we were infinite
the clean up was
difficult

the skin is a

doorway it's terrible—

I've always been

a real person

that someone's body
a boiled-down sea
eating itself into cake

soaked in the rivermouth
thirsty in the bloodflood

flesh sails
tipping, dissolving
absorbing, evaporating
sound-proof uterine walls

waddlewaddle
no ducks here
my bubble butt
waded into sky
refracted violet
rained down on
the feathers
the scorpions
the bloody
scourgeandblister
rained down on
you forced you to grow
to squeeze into
the jeans of
all the garbage of
the world

ice sea richer

a million names
for one way to freeze

I came into the atmosphere

didn't leave a gasp

“all things are water”

“all water is god”

the water evaporates from my glass

I take an accidental gulp of
ghostwater

I take an accidental gulp of
ghostgod

the sea wall

the sea wall

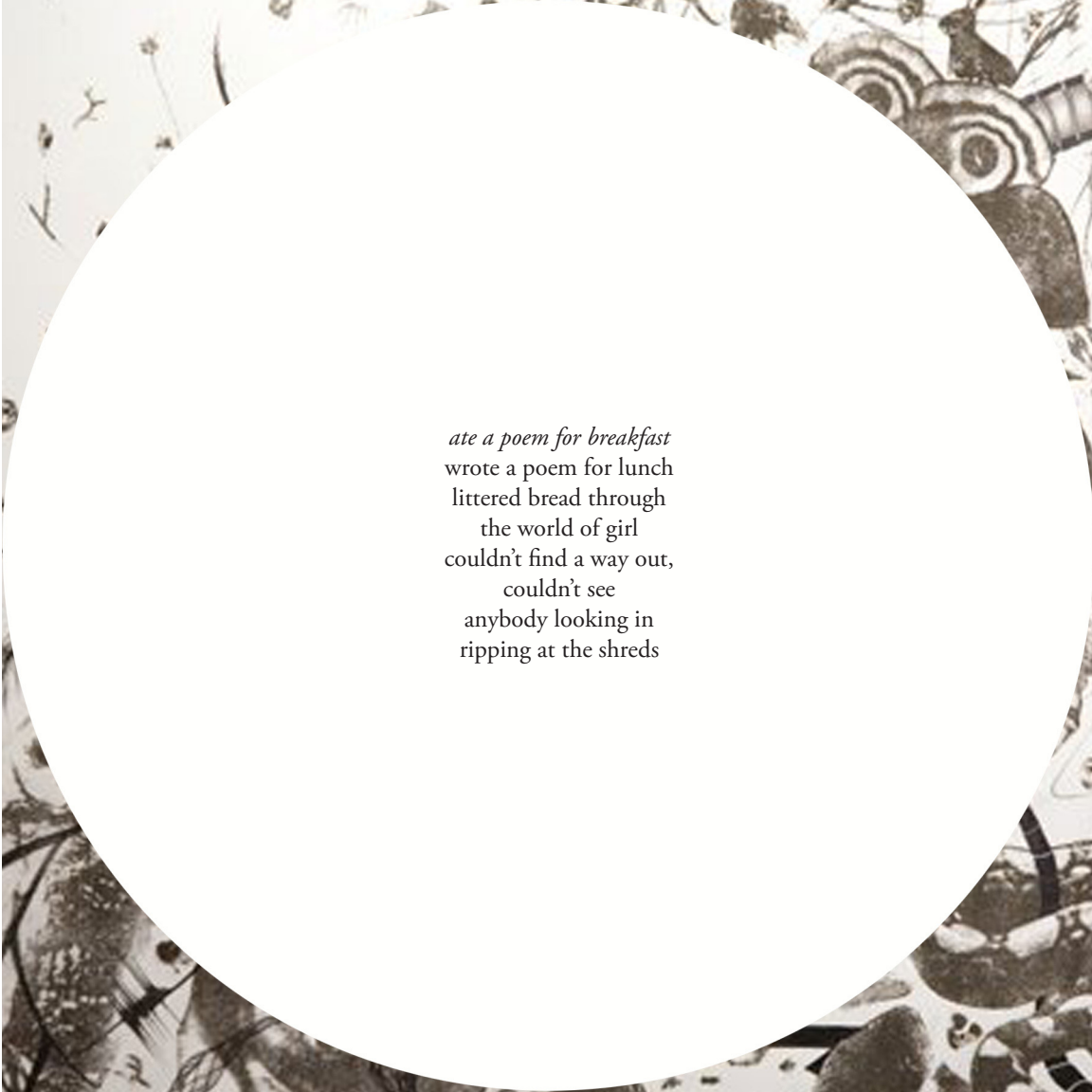
. . .

mermaid sick
the invisible
color invades

a gaudy green ring
leaving behind
a green finger

∞

I lived til I
was eleven it's
all I could afford



ate a poem for breakfast
wrote a poem for lunch
littered bread through
the world of girl
couldn't find a way out,
couldn't see
anybody looking in
ripping at the shreds

local—too close—
in the diffuse world
wearing what?
an apron or spotted shoe?
azar the incompleteness
blade of grass kindling
search out other peoples'
moon men doubt
not more words or
words + music
and they dive in

ordinary woman

I threaten my cat
with the world of
men and dogs

as am I
past continuous
painting a book

on a book
on a book
on a page

I don't understand
how deep the ocean
that's why I dive

or do that thing
or do that thing
the grass in my bed

gas cabochon

sorry
almost used your toothbrush
swished about and spit

a bubble in the sink
10mm in diameter

I know
I've
been being

sold mood rings
all the livelong day

a fly in ointment

a pesk in gloss

laced with romance
poison thumps out
in blobs
the blob attaches itself
irrevocably to your mit
you are blobbed
you are blubbering
I swim backstroke in
a puddle
we kiss lips
between us
and make undulations
of whatever is closest

ugh watch out
there is something behind you
there is never not something
behind you

shimmy beam
of light you

even closed-eye
glassy &

tumbling pink—

descriptions of intimacy so trite,
I fail constantly

then breathe
20-times deep

in the garden

conflict of name
a bionic woman

a woman alive
of inhuman parts

a name a grave
a marker—that's all I mean

the wood of my tree
cold & petrified

though still green
a woman alive

dripping with fruit
piece of electricity

there was a forest too
there were more of me

a year of no dreams

hands of snakes
shaking hands
with snakes

I confront:
having a
woman's heart

the fat brown
squirrels playing
on the gaudy
Russian tombs

sun up to sun down

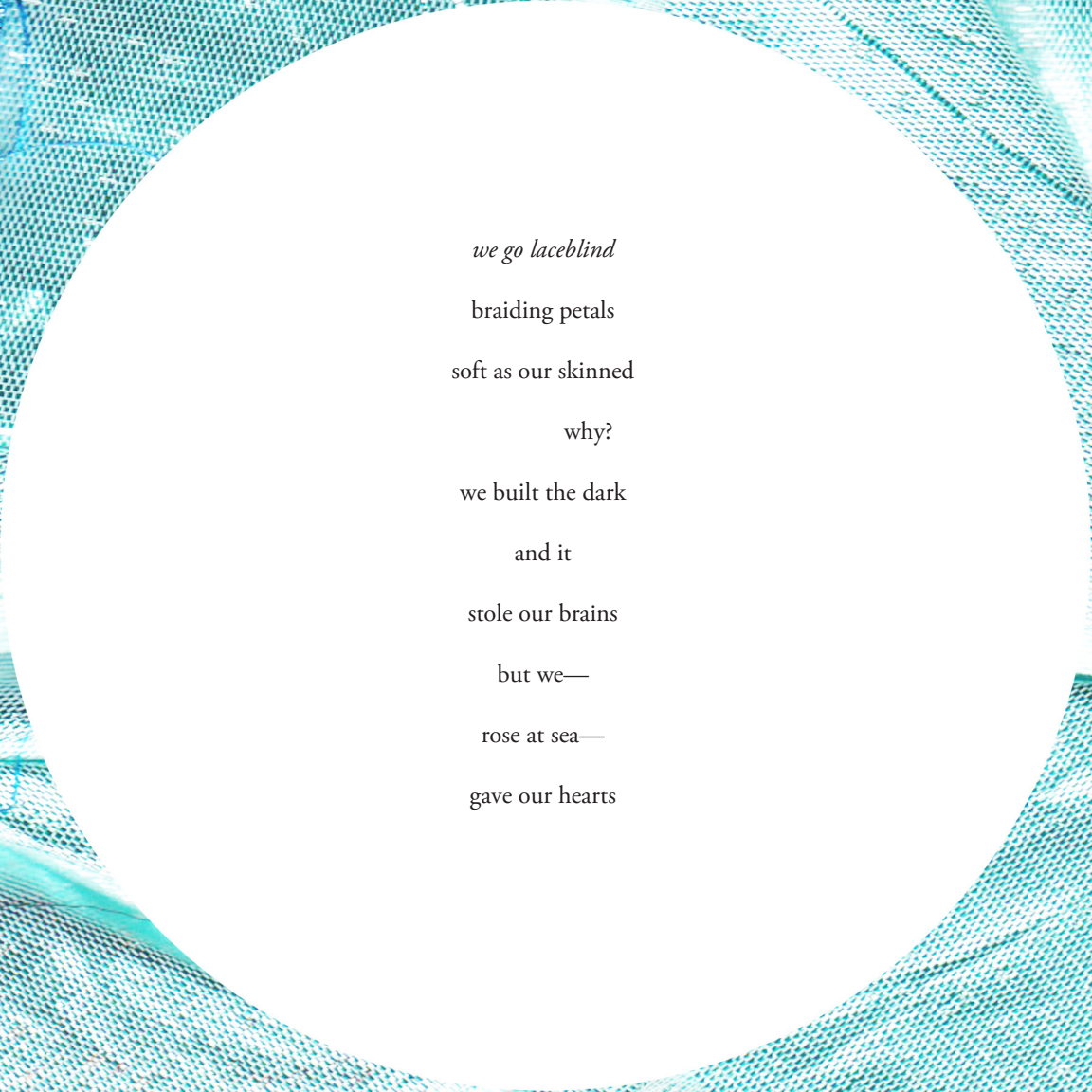
"you don't have
to get over it

you don't have
to do anything"

spiritual crisis

losing nails on the table
suffer a spiritual crisis
you are shittier than I am
and that's why I feel so shitty

comb eyelashes
with fingernails
lose bone fragments
in black holes



we go laceblind

braiding petals

soft as our skinned

why?

we built the dark

and it

stole our brains

but we—

rose at sea—

gave our hearts

solemn pagan rites

petrushka matryoshka
a girl in a girl in
a girl in a firebird
what noise—
thunderbird
the angles of metal
of dreams
no, she carved soft
only felt wrought

ask me about
my summer vacation

(I killed it)

witchgrass

"not peasant to be around"

I need to know
"how to not be so sad"

and it read: no one will remember
whether you were sad or not

go flex a new muscle
building a meadow
or heart attack

sensations in my hull

father tongue

lapping up

the mother

of absence

O brother!

I'm a mirror

see me

lest I perish

sapphire at the end of the morning

curtailed by what
is great about dogs
“I’m ready”
how all the saints died
(on the radio)
having only heard it
(like a rhyme)
fixed upon what is
revered / ir-revered

see him there, walking
miles with his own head
in his own hands

as for me, I
washed mine clean
[preposition]
you

you died;

I paint my nails I paint my nails I paint my nails I
paint my nails I paint my nails I paint my nails
I paint my nails I paint my nails I paint my nails I
paint my nails I paint my nails I paint my nails
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paint my nails I paint my nails I paint my nails
I paint my nails I paint my nails I paint my nails I
paint my nails I paint my nails I paint my nails
I paint my nails I paint my nails I paint my nails I
paint my nails I paint my nails I paint my nails

not because
I'm bored
with
your death

glossing over
the vitality
of it

completely
bored with
my own.

I suffered for _____ seconds

seven years
beneath the water
bare clean feet

* * *

the cave life
between heavy
vertical torrents
mist in my lungs
no punish
for nothing

* * *

stream feast
my pliable roundness
bounce toothy
water shook &
dazzled
Ye, the church burned
in order to grow
fieldfull buzzing amulets

linoleum cartoon
invades football
privacy

guerilla ads for
cockroach game

cursor turns
huarache
when we try
to click the X

I saw 1,000 ads today

I used symbols to iterate

I woke up and it had rained
all night

I expounded
perfect lighting

paused for
soft arrangements

where the altar would be and
is our fire tidy

and the garden
moves into the new month
under a pillar of salty moon

looking for too much
is gone blind

your scent digitized like
computer fan dust
screamed through a red wire
seized throatward

an entanglement for bored ppl
“but I’ve got shit to do”

my life's other life

there are tingles
she said

but pleasure
is not a requirement

as
fifty shades of gray
fade
slowlysoslowly
into the
long-suffering sunset

Dear B,

I dropped the line
about your experience of
reading 'Fifty Shades of Grey'
being like a 'contemporary cliterectomy'
because cliterectomies
are still contemporary

horrid pop

hey
it's not violent:
they cut 'her' body in half
they stacked the bikini top
over the bikini bottom

it's geometry
nearly realigned

rib cage

ass

("I weep for Adonaïs—he is dead!")

(the least imperfect)

it's an app

queen of the night

the true antagonist
glitchy light
consults tarnished oracle
“duck fat”

I breech scraped dress
sew scars

there is a damned cave
really DAMNED
that blooms reductively

knuckle bulbs
open cat eye

it was fun
while it plastic

joke box song
stunning guts

passionland

superbowl over my heart
I nursed an orchid unto death
have this feeling i'm twenty-six
i've got unlimited texting
and nothing can stop me now

the secret of _____ ,
apart from _____ ,
is love

crocus white, gentle violet
lie down in the dirt
beside my front door

a woman wears eyeshadow
the same color
as her daughter's hair

I dismember the croissant

I get lonely and bleed

my baby did the hanky panky

a slow, teal death radiates
beastface-forward and
I try to unlock a love in time

wo a. d.

welcome to
compendium of attrition

call me with yr
blue tooth

the lapis lazuli
always trembles
in its tiny geometry

waiting to know all-along
(am I prefix?)

that wave consumes me

I sobbed through
the political traffic jam
in New Jersey

I sobbed through
the lack of desks in
Malawi

I sobbed through
Forrest Gump
again, and then

you pee
in my mouth
while I sit

in a chair,
most successful
structure

leggings as empowerment

I mean look:
the whole
pink galaxy
between
my legs

the decorative
a civil rights issue
too much sociology!
when I give up (or grow)
my fin feet
my latticed ass
under water
the melody
a foamy disguise
for heart beat

all the illness (of)
twenty-seven jahr
saved up to splash

you know, a
disconnection
from
the body is
often a sign
of trauma

set out to make magic but
turned into a golden ass

what's
left to infest?
an incantation:
bad, bad pomegranate—
all seed! (no juice)

I committed it all to blood

salinger leak
a little bit of humanity
burst through the seam

the letter bowed and distorted
to make a new symbol
begging, please,
let love
the fluid freezes and
the hills are slippery but
the salt defies the ice
lend me a soft
abundant cloth

I describe it
only to find
young children
licking the ground

umami for the mind
wind blowing up, out
bleed a bone dry into
broth and portion
it off for thimbles
of all our gorgeous
the specks, just tiny
everything I urge
my brain buds to open
wider, wider
in a confined moment

I wanted to not write
a sad poem, but see,
each word is
an allotment

starved, hidden
in a desk drawer
waiting for the feast

I AM A YOUNG WOMAN
WHO SWALLOWED A FLY

Kulagin's Response

you should know
we've broken
stronger wills
than yours

is it OK to admit
I didn't want beauty
for a minute

to preserve it or

forget it

(I wanted a black sleek delete)

but
she is not the worst
natural disaster of
human history yet

noted:

"ordinary woman" appears in the CHTHONIC issue of Whole Beast Rag
(www.wholebeastrag.org)

"I sent you" appears in the FILTH issue of BE ABOUT IT ZINE
(beaboutitpress.tumblr.com)

"mermaid sick" appears as a macro on the tumblr project Women Poets Wearing Sweatpants
(womenpoetswearingsweatpants.tumblr.com)

Many thanks to those publications.

~overt reference to *All the Garbage of the World, Unite!* (Action Books) by Kim Hyesoon
(read it!) made in "waddlewaddle"

all the illness (of) is framed by a William Morris wallpaper

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laruoff@gmail.com / laruoff.tumblr.com